

The Guide to Holiness.

SEPTEMBER, 1863.

INFLUENCE OF GRACE UPON THE JUDGMENT.

The question as to how far the possession of the grace of entire sanctification affects the action of the reasoning faculties, is one upon which there is not entire unanimity of opinion, even among those who seem to be walking fully in the light. Some seem to suppose that grace—any degree of grace—is not to be expected to exert any assignable measure of influence upon the reasoning or judging faculties of the mind. Some think that though grace can never make the human mind infallible, yet by tranquilizing the mind, freeing it from low, narrow, selfish views, and supplying it with the single motive of doing all things to the glory of God, it does greatly diminish the probability of error in judgment in any given case. There are others still who seem to think it the *privilege* of sanctified believers to be saved from error and mistake; and there are a few who maintain that persons who are really in the enjoyment of entire sanctification, do not err at all—that in fact error is itself sin.

There are doubtless persons whose views are not accurately expressed by either of the foregoing formulas; yet the statement we have given represents the points of difference fairly as we think, and with sufficient accuracy for our present purpose.

We shall proceed humbly, and candidly to submit our own views upon the question, for we feel that our readers have a right to our maturest thoughts on every question pertaining to the higher life.

We believe that the grace of God affects the whole intellectual, moral and spiritual nature of man, and that wherever the Spirit works for the sanctification of the soul, He works in the whole man; giving light to the understanding, purity to the affections, rectitude to the will, authority to the conscience, and placing the whole being under the motive power of love to Christ—so we cannot agree with the opinion first named.

II. We believe that though the influence of the Spirit of God in regulating the under-

standing and quickening the perceptive powers of the mind is very great, especially in some believers, yet this department of his operations in the human soul, is to be looked upon as *in part* incidental to his great work of purifying the affections, and exalting the purposes of the man. In other words, we believe that entire sanctification, by delivering the soul from the jostlings of unholy tempers and passions, and from the biasing power of selfishness, and by supplying it perpetually with the tranquility which comes of a perfect faith in Christ, does supply the happiest conditions for the due and proper exercise of the intellectual powers. Hence we say that the influences of the Spirit in guarding the intellectual faculties against error and delusions, are in part the incidental results of his gracious operations upon the heart; but it is also true that the Holy Spirit does illuminate the mind which he cleanses and saves. He "hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ." "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power and of love and of a sound mind." Indeed it is matter of the commonest observation in the church that the all-hallowing baptism of sanctifying grace does wonderfully quicken the intellectual powers. A man who has received sanctifying grace, therefore thinks more clearly, more calmly, more profoundly, and concludes more justly, and therefore acts more wisely than he did before. These views present fundamentally what we judge to be truth in the case.

But does sanctifying grace confer infallibility upon the judgment? We answer most solemnly and unequivocally—we think not, by any means—and we must think that the contrary theory is a very dangerous one. Obviously judgment can never be infallible when knowledge is imperfect; for where the premises are not fully known, the conclusion must be proportionately uncertain. Now, very ignorant persons may be fully sanctified by grace; but as the sanctifying process leaves their minds but partially stored with knowledge, so it leaves them still subject to erroneous conclusions, and consequent ill-judged actions and words.

"But," asks some brother, desirous of accomplishing the ends of our high calling in the highest possible degree, "Is this all?" "Does the gospel make no provision for sup-

plementing the feebleness of human thought and human reasonings by the light of a divine guidance? May not a christian, in perplexity as to which of several lines of effort God would have him just now pursue, go to his Heavenly Father and confessing his own lack of wisdom, ask of Him 'who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not?' We answer—yes—and we are free to express our belief that as often as a holy man will go to God for counsel and ridding his own mind of all secret preference for this way over that, will consecrate himself anew to God and patiently wait for the guiding light, he will not be left to hurtful error, either in opinion or practice.

Our conclusions are:

1st. Errors of judgment do not necessarily imply sin.

2d. The grace of God acts upon the intellectual faculties, both directly and incidentally, so as greatly to diminish the liability to error and mistake.

3d. There is no state of grace which renders infallible the operations of the mind.

4th. It is the privilege of each believer to ask counsel of his Heavenly Father touching his path of duty, whenever he is in perplexity and doubt, with the assurance that he shall not be left to walk in darkness, but shall be guided into all truth.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

The following letter from an esteemed and prominent minister in Ohio, will show how the present fiery ordeal is being sanctified to many of God's dear children. Our land is indeed becoming a Brochim—a vale of tears; idols have been removed—earthly props taken away, and conflicts such as no pen can describe are being endured, but out of these heart desolations God is refining and setting apart a people for himself. May God give us grace to abide the ordeal.

EDS.

U—, O., July 18, 1863.

Rev. H. V. DEGEN: For many years I have desired to attend one of your Eastern Camp Meetings, such as those at Martha's Vineyard and elsewhere; but having the regular duties of a pastor to perform, the way has not been opened.

I have been in the army about a year—was in that great flanking expedition of Grant's, that resulted in the fall of Vicksburg—have been obliged to resign from sickness incident upon exposure and fatigue.

I will have some time to recuperate before

Conference, and I would like if possible to make a trip to Boston and join in one of your feasts of tabernacles. Will you be so kind as to inform me if possible when any of these meetings will be held, and what one would you advise me to attend. Perhaps some reference should be had to health, as I am now greatly reduced.

My soul is triumphant in God. My recent bodily afflictions have been wonderfully blessed to the good of my soul. It is a great truth that no amount of grace will make up for actual experience. Our blessed Saviour was made perfect through suffering. He had all knowledge so that he perceived with absolute certainty all the ills of humanity, but that was not enough to make him a faithful High Priest. He must be tempted in all points like as we are. He must personally walk through all the dark paths of human sorrow—must experience all the ills of that humanity he came to redeem—so the christian cannot expect that maturity and perfection of christian character for which he aspires, by direct supplies of grace, but it comes often through deep personal affliction. So God has been dealing with me; I have been chastened in years past in the loss of friends and property, but have never been afflicted in body. My health has been as near perfect as falls to the lot of humanity; I was not prepared to sympathize with the afflicted and sorrowing ones of earth. No amount of grace would have enabled me to do so properly—I had a harshness about my nature that needed toning down. I had perhaps more of the law than the gospel in my preaching. The time had now come. Far from home, in a military hospital, with no kind hand of affection to soften and assuage the chastening. I was brought low. My sufferings were great. My heart became tender—an unkind word would cause me to weep. The voice of sympathy was exquisitely grateful. Through the kindness of my Heavenly Father I was permitted to return home. I saw in a moment that all was ordered for my good, and I blessed the Lord for his wonderful discipline. My soul has been kept in perfect peace. I am trying to realize that prayer of the apostle—the very God of peace sanctify you wholly, &c.

Pardon my lengthy epistle. I like the communion of saints; I love the Guide; I have taken it from the first. Do not fail to consider me a life-long patron.

c. w. s.

A CONTRAST.

The two following communications received by the same mail speak for themselves. They will tend to show our friends some of our *encouragements* and *discouragements*. They reveal two opposite states or conditions of mind. A spiritual *appetite* must be created in order to enjoy *spiritual* food. Pray beloved, for an abiding unction and that your Editors may ever be enabled to furnish that which to the believer, shall be sweeter than honey in the honeycomb, though to the unbeliever it may be but chaff.

Dear sir: Some kind friend has sent me the Guide thus far this year. I think it rightly named—I love it dearly—it has been a source of much strength to me. When I get through reading it, I send it to my dear old father, who now lives in Canada; he has made religion his first business ever since I can remember him. Hear what he says about the Guide, in a letter to me, dated July 5th, 1863. He says: "I got two sweet welcome little visitors from you; they came trotting over the hills with glad tidings; and as I love my neighbors, I let them feast on them. Some read them twice, and some three times, and some put new covers to them that they may be preserved." and ends by saying "May God bless the Guide to all who read it." It is my intention that my father shall have the Guide as long as he lives, if I am spared that long, and it can be obtained. May God bless those who are laboring as editors and supporters in maintaining the Guide, and the kind friend who sends it to me, is the prayer of your unworthy friend.

H. K.

Sir: I have taken your book two years. I did not intend to take it so long, but you kept sending it on; now I wish you to discontinue, for I don't think it is worth carrying home from the office. When I send for your book again, you will know it. Don't let me catch you sending any more of such books. The first year was paid for in advance, and I will send you pay for the last year. So good bye holiness.

N. B.

A WIDOW'S MITE.

M—n, W. Va., July 18, 1863.

To the Editors of the Guide—Dear brothers: Having a desire to do good, and promote the cause of holiness, and having been benefitted by the Guide, I am encouraged to send my mite by reading a piece in the last No. (the soldiers and the Guide,) May it be blessed to

souls, and may you be abundantly blessed in your labors of love, shall be the prayer of the soldier's friend.

I send (\$4) four dollars, although I do not belong to the class you named. I know you will not refuse the widow's mite.

A WIDOW.

We have written to a brother, now serving under Gen. Rosencrans, in the Army of the Cumberland, who but a few days before remitted us \$10 out of his own scanty resources for Guides which he is distributing among the soldiers, requesting him to become the almoner of our beloved sister's bounty. God bless the widow's mite and may He who seeth in secret reward her openly.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE MILK-WHITE DOVE;

OR, LITTLE JACOB'S TEMPTATION.

Will you have a story, darling?

I know one very old,

For when I was a little child

I used to hear it told.

It is about a little boy,

And the pigeons which he sold.

His mother,—she was very poor,

And kept a rich man's gate;

Until the carriages passed through,

There Jacob had to wait.

Now Jacob was a patient lad,

A loving, faithful son:

Of all the things the rich man had,

He wanted only one.

A pigeon with a crested head,

And feathers soft as silk,

With crimson feet and crimson bill,

The rest as white as milk.

He had some pigeons of his own,

He loved them very well;

But then his mother was so poor,

He reared them all to sell.

He kept them in a little shed

That sloped down from the roof:

Great trouble had he every spring

To make it water-proof.

He used to count them every day

To see he had them all:

They knew his footstep when he came,

And answer'd to his call.

And one—a chocolate-color'd hen—

Was prettier than the rest,

Because there was a gloss like gold

All round its throat and breast.

You know the little birds in spring

Build houses, where they dwell,

And feed and rear the little ones,

And love each other well.

So the black pigeons Jacob had

Were mated with the grey;

And crested—crown and ring-neck made

Their nest the first of May.

For God hath made each little bird
 To love and need a mate;
 And so the little chocolate hen
 Was very desolate.

And Jacob thought if he could get
 The rich man's milk-white dove,
 And keep it always for his own,—
 Now, listen to me, love.

He wanted that which was not his;
 That which another had;
 And so, a great temptation grew
 Around the little lad.

The rich man had whole flocks of birds,
 And Jacob reasoned so—
 "If I should take this one white dove,
 How can he ever know?

"Among so many can he miss
 The one which I shall take?
 Among so many, many birds,
 What difference can it make?"

But, darling, even while his heart
 Throbbed with these wishes strong,
 A something always troubled him—
 He knew that it was wrong.

So, time passed on, he watch'd the dove,
 How every day it came
 Nearer and nearer to the shed,
 More gentle, and more tame.

He watched it with a longing eye:
 At last, one summer day,
 He saw it settle on the roof
 As if it meant to stay.

Now Jacob seemed a happy boy.
 Said he, "It has a right
 To choose a dwelling anywhere,
 Most pleasant in its sight."

And so he scatter'd grains of corn
 And crumbs of wheat and bread,
 Because he thought the dove would stay
 Where it was kindly fed.

Well, time pass'd on—the milk-white dove
 Well pleased with Jacob's care,
 Soon learned to know him like the rest,
 And seem'd right happy there.

One morning he had call'd them all
 Around him to be fed;
 And on the ground he scatter'd corn,
 And peas, and crumbs of bread;

When, all at once, he heard a man,
 Outside the road gate, call—
 "Boy, if those pigeons are for sale,
 I think I'll take them all."

All!—how it smote on Jacob's ear!
 "I see there are but eight:
 If you will take eight shillings, down,
 I'll pay you at that rate."

Now, at that moment, all the birds
 Were feeding in the sun,
 But Jacob, in his startled heart,
 Could think of only one.

And never since the milk-white dove
 Had joined the chocolate hen,
 Had he felt in his inmost heart,
 As he was feeling then.

"Come,—hurry, hurry!" said the man;
 "I have no time to lose;
 Between the shillings and the birds
 It can't be hard to choose."

Poor Jacob, having once begun
 To do what was not right,
 Forgetting he was standing, in
 His Heavenly Father's sight,
 And knowing how his mother had
 A quarter's rent to pay,
 Felt, in his heart, the sense of right
 Was fading fast away;

When from the open cottage door,
 There came a murmuring low:
 It was his mother's morning hymn,
 Solemn, and sweet, and slow.

He listen'd, and a holy fear
 Was waken'd in his heart,
 And strength was given him that hour
 To choose the better part;

And, turning to the stranger man
 A frank, untroubled eye,
 He said,—“But seven birds are mine;
 But seven you can buy.”

“Oh!” said the man, “they go in pairs,
 And will not suit me then;”
 So Jacob sold him only six,
 And kept the chocolate hen.

And when the evening shadows came,
 And dew was on the grass,
 He watched outside the garden gate,
 To see the rich man pass:

And in his hand the milk-white dove
 He held with gentle care
 And many a soft caress he laid
 Upon its feathers fair.

And when at last the rich man came,
 Poor Jacob, render'd bold,
 By feeling he was in the right,
 His artless story told.

And after he had owned to all
 The wrong which he had done,
 And the worst wrong he wished to do,
 He lifted to the sun
 A happy open fearless face,
 Which won the rich man's love;
 And so he bade him always keep
 For his, the milk-white dove.

And Jacob, once more good and true,
 Stood in his mother's sight,
 The struggle of temptation past,
 The wrong all turned to right.

And Jacob with a heart at rest
 Lay down upon his bed;
 And whiter wings than his white dove's
 Were around his pillow spread.

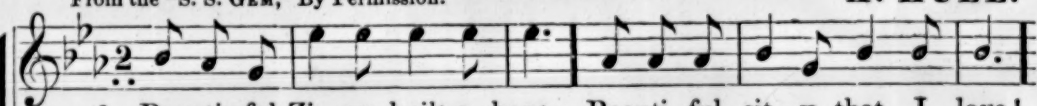
—♦—

BEAUTY WITHOUT BRAINS.—Little Alice was talking to her dolly, and said to her, looking lovingly into her face, “You is bootiful, dolly, very bootiful; but you is dot no bains!”

MOUNT ZION.

From the "S. S. GEM," By Permission.

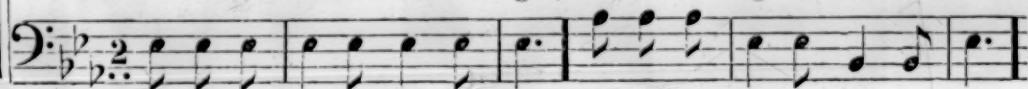
A. HULL.



1. Beauti - ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beauti - ful cit - y that I love!



2. Beautiful heav'n where all is light, Beauti - ful angels, clothed in white;



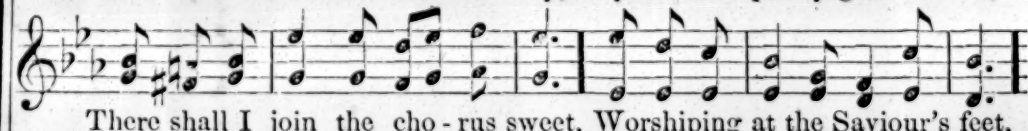
Beau - ti - ful gates of pearly white, Beauti - ful temple— God its light!



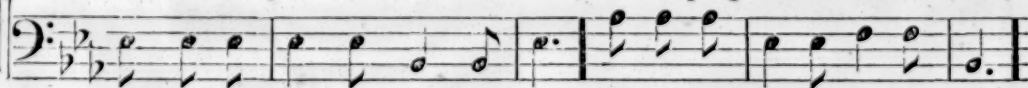
Beau - ti - ful strains that never tire, Beauti - ful harps thro' all the choir.



He who was slain on Cal - va - ry, Opens those pearly gates to me,



There shall I join the cho - rus sweet, Worshiping at the Saviour's feet,



Rit.

Opens those pearly gates to me.



Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.



3. Beautiful crowns on every brow,
 Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
 Beautiful robes the ransomed wear;
 Beautiful all who enter there.
 Thither I press with eager feet,
 There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4. Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
 Beautiful songs the angels sing;
 Beautiful rest—all wanderings cease,
 Beautiful home of perfect peace.
 There shall my eyes the Saviour see,
 Haste to this heav'nly home with me.

THE

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

OCTOBER, 1863.

REVIVAL IN ENGLAND.

BY MRS. P. PALMER.

Forest Grove Hill, Nottingham, June 22, '63.

I know, beloved, you will ascribe all the glory to Him who alone doeth wonders, when I tell you that God who is rich in mercy is causing us to triumph in Christ, yet more, and more, and making manifest the savor of his knowledge by us in every place, yet more gloriously. Scarcely ever have we labored in any place where we have not witnessed an aggregate of 100 saved weekly at least. Since we have been at Nottingham hundreds have presented themselves as earnest seekers at the altar, and have also crowded the vestry, the communion rail being wholly insufficient for the accommodation of the multitudes seeking Jesus. Of those who have sought and found since we commenced special services here, three weeks since, 130 stand written as having received the witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin, and 510 have been raised up to testify that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sin—making in all 640 who stand written as having sought and found. Yet even this we know is far from being all who have been enabled to testify to the power of saving grace

during this extraordinary outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Many of different denominations get blessed, whose names though newly written in the Lamb's Book of Life, are never taken by the secretary of the meeting.

It is our aim in addressing the people previous to the prayer meeting services, to simplify the way of faith to seekers of pardon, and we also try to tell the seekers of purity just the way to the cleansing fountain as we, and others have found it; and often do we hear of those, who while a present acceptance, of present grace, is thus being urged upon them receive the purchased gift. Preach, we do not, that is, not in a technical sense. We would do it if called, but we have never felt it duty to sermonize in any way, by dividing and sub-dividing with metaphysical hair-splittings in theology.

We have nothing to do more than Mary, when by the command of the Head of the Church, she proclaimed a risen Jesus to her brethren—or than Peter and John who talked to the people about a crucified, exalted Saviour, when they flocked together to see the man who had been restored from a life-long lameness. We occupy the desk, platform, or pulpit, as best suitable to

the people in order that all may hear, and see, believing that in thus acting according to the dictates of reason, we act most manifestly in God's order. That God, even our God, makes our commission known, I need not say. Surely we have witnessed the mighty things of our Almighty Lord, not only in this country, but in our own land years before we left. Our calls are ever on the increase.

If we should remain by way of being answerable to the many official calls still waiting our acceptance it would be long—long ere we again see our beloved country and dear ones at home. But I am reminded that you have not heard from us since we were at Manchester.

We had a most gracious work while there, and I made repeated attempts to give a narration of the scenes of triumph we witnessed but could not command the time. We labored there five weeks, dividing our time between three churches, during which period 100 received the witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin, and over 500 we trust were born into the kingdom of grace. Of those who were sanctified wholly, several belonged to the Independent congregations. Seldom have I heard such flaming testimonies of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost, as from some of those spirit-baptized brethren. A new Independent Chapel is just completing in which these brethren seem to be the most active members, and I have a strong anticipation that holiness will be written upon its walls, and a race of spirit-baptized disciples be raised there to work mightily for God, and on whose banner it may ever stand, "Holiness to the Lord." How beautifully significant is the passage, "Thou hast given

a banner to all them that fear thee, that it may be displayed *because* of the truth." Banners as you will know have an inscription.

If each division of God's sacramental hosts might be led forth under the waving banner, "Holiness to the Lord," how mighty would be the conquests of Zion's hosts. We are continually reminded that holiness is the power which the church must have if she would be mighty in achievements for God. It is only as we succeed in inducing the church to put on her strength that we see souls won to Christ through her agency.

THE SPIRIT'S TESTIMONY AND TEACHING.

BY REV. JAMES MILLER.

"If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

There is no necessity of being deceived in regard to the soul's salvation, or a knowledge of God's requirements, or the work necessary to be done by us, in order to be saved. "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me, shall be loved of my Father," "and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him." And this, and many other things did Jesus speak unto his disciples, "being yet present with them." He had already informed them that he was going to the Father, and had promised to send them "another Comforter," which was to abide with them forever. He assured them, when the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, is come, "he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." Consequently "If any man, have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his," and if he have the Spirit, and do not those things that are

written in the law, "and that law, written on every truly awakened heart, the word of God must prove false. The Spirit, when he is come, saith Christ, shall reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment; of sin because they believe not on me;" "of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more;" "of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged."

Oh how few are willing to go to heaven as Jesus went. "He is the way," and "if any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me." These are the plain, unadulterated, easy-to-be-understood, conditions of discipleship. The words of him who spake as never man spake. Repenting sinner! deny thyself every unnecessary indulgence, every thing that, if still adhered to, would shut thee out of heaven. Professor of religion, you may deceive man, but you cannot deceive God; and if you are a sincere seeker after "truth, as it is in Jesus," you will not attempt to excuse yourself for wearing a useless finger-ring, because given you by your husband on your wedding-day; or for wearing earrings, for the "benefit of your eyes," when there is not a particle of virtue in them, the whole thing being a trick of Satan to get you to disobey God. Oh, I pray God to save us as a people, from being troubled with any such hindrances to the cause of God; you that belong to the Church, "wearing gold," for Jesus' sake, do lay aside these signs of worldliness. As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

Earnest Christian.

THINK of the blood of Jesus, and plead it; of the yoke of Jesus, and wear it; of the example of Jesus, and

follow it; of the love of Jesus, and never be contented to live another day without feeling it.

"THOU NUMBEREST MY STEPS."

A sweetly precious influence has accompanied the reception of this "leaf from the tree of Life" to my believing heart; it has possessed the power to inspire with gratitude and praise a testimony for the Lord, and in the remembrance of the *past* to draw more largely encouragement for the *future*. If in the passing thought of the Spirit's ministry to an unworthy one, a fellow-believer is drawn yet more powerfully to the acceptance of the grace that *sanctifies*, the "name of the great Redeemer will be glorified." In the contemplation of this sweet truth, I can distinctly trace the opening up of the "path of life." The first impressions of the transitory nature of earthly things were experienced when a soul filled with the love of Christ gave expression to the joys of salvation. The earnest pleading to make him my own, to seek the pure treasure of heavenly grace, came with power to my rebellious heart, and when the beloved one was transplanted to the heavenly garner, I exclaimed in deepest solicitude, "Let me follow her, even as she followed Christ." I was awakened to a consciousness of being unsaved, and for months I bore the heavy burden of unpardoned sin. But God graciously blessed to my enlightenment and peace of mind the preaching of the good news of salvation, and I received with joy Jesus as my Saviour. "I thought on my ways and turned my feet unto thy testimonies." My life became changed: I began to love the services of the sanctuary, and to find the "exceeding great and precious promises" of the Word

my delight. I saw a brighter light falling on my pathway and heard a voice exclaiming, "There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." But the first pulsations of the spiritual life were checked by the opposing elements of the flesh and spirit and oftentimes a cloud arose between my soul and its Saviour. I wandered in forbidden paths, worldly associations encircled my spirit, and when I sought the place of secret prayer I mourned an absent Jesus. Did I take into my hands the precious Word there was no sweet promise of past days, but a still small voice of reproving love. "Then called I upon the name of the Lord, O Lord, I beseech thee deliver my soul." "Order my steps in thy word and let not *any iniquity* have dominion over me." I felt my need of an *entire* deliverance from the power of sin, and when the conviction had deepened into an earnest desire to give up all for Jesus, there arose "light in the darkness," and led by my Father's hand unto an assembly of those rich in the higher joys of christian grace, the cup of a full salvation was pressed to my acceptance through faith in the Lord Jesus as a perfect Saviour.

I came to Jesus as I was
Without one rival claim,
My body, spirit, soul to place
In Love's encircling flame.

I came to Jesus as I was
From self and sin to flee,
The promise of his grace to prove,
"Thy soul shall cleansed be."

I came to Jesus as I was
The open fountain nigh,
Beneath its depths my spirit sank
No more o'er sin to sigh.

I came to Jesus as I was,
In simple faith brought low;
I found in him the sweet repose
Of heaven on earth below.

I cling to Jesus as I am,
He sweetly keepeth me;
Around, beneath, above, beyond,
His arms of love I see.

I trust in Jesus, and I am
From all defilement free;
The blessed rest of "perfect love"
Is "all in all" to me.

Kentish Town, May 21st 1863.

SEED AND THE FRUIT.—A physician referring to the effect of different modes of education, says: Of thirty boys who were brought up in contempt of all useful knowledge and occupation, spending their days in reading novels and the lives of pirates and murderers, and their evenings in the streets, and at the dram shops, gambling saloons, the circus and theater, one was hung for murder, at the age of forty-five, one for robbing the mail, and three as pirates; five died in the penitentiary, and seven lived and died as useless vagabonds; three were useful mechanics, and he was ignorant of the fate of the remainder. Of forty boys educated with him by a moral and scientific teacher, under a rigid system of restraint, at the age of fifty-five one was a member of Congress, one a judge of the supreme court, two judges of the Circuit court, three physicians, five lawyers, fourteen were dead, and the remainder were farmers and mechanics; not one was ever charged with crime, all were respectable, and all but two or three had respectable homes.

FAITH.—The soldiers that, like Cromwell's, march with Bibles in their boots, load the cannon by the grace of God, and fire it with a psalm, cannot easily be beaten. Give us plenty of the substance of things hoped for, and an evidence of things not seen. Let one feel that he stands on truth, that the laws of the universe and the attri-

butes of the Almighty are pledged to his support, and you might as well try to chase a rock as him. Faith justified Abel, and translated Enoch; floated the ark and founded the church; crossed the Red Sea and shook down the walls of Jericho.

THE RADICALISM OF THE GOSPEL.

"Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."—Matt. xv. 13.

The word here rendered plant, some render plantation.

The word will admit of either translation, and as it does not occur in any other text in the New Testament, it is not important in which sense it is understood.

If it be rendered plantation, it naturally refers to the Pharisees as a society, and the doctrine is, that the Gospel will attack and root up all combinations of errorists.

If the word be rendered plant, as in the text, it more naturally refers to the errors of the Pharisees, and the doctrine is, that the Gospel will attack and root up every error.

In which sense the text is understood is not important, as each sense involves the other. Either sense will warrant the following proposition.

The Gospel is so radically reformatory, that to preach it fully and clearly, is to attack and condemn all wrong, and to assert and defend all righteousness.

The Scriptures assume upon their face, to teach what is right and what is wrong, and to command the one, and to forbid the other.

Nothing can be more radical in this world of deep-rooted error and wrong, than to insist upon all that is right, and to condemn all that is wrong.

This is the radicalism of the Gospel: "Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up."

Let us illustrate this view.

1 The Gospel asserts its radical reform position, by maintaining the two extremes of right and wrong, of sin and holiness.

The Gospel regards all men with reference to these extremes, denying all neutrality or middle ground.

"He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." Matt. xii. 30.

"Whosoever committeth sin, is the servant of sin." John viii. 34.

"He that committeth sin is of the devil."

"For whosoever keepeth the whole law, and yet offendeth in one point, is guilty of all. James ii. 10.

"Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." Galatians iii. 10.

2. The Gospel asserts its radical reform position, by demanding absolute obedience and submission.

The Gospel never commutes with sinners; never compromises its claims, but insists on a practical, unconditional, and entire compliance with its claims, immediately, at all times, and under all circumstances.

This radical position of the Gospel is seen, both in its precepts, and in the examples of such as were inspired, and acted out the truth, which they were inspired to communicate to others.

By way of example, we have the offering by Abraham, of his son.

We also have the heroic conduct of Daniel, and his companions. Daniel vi. 4-23, and Chapter iii. 1-23

The precepts of the Gospel bearing on the point are numerous and clear,

and often so connected with example, as to give them great force.

"But Peter and John answered and said unto them, whether it be right, in the sight of God, to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we can but speak the things which we have seen and heard." Acts. iv. 19, 20.

"Then Peter and the other apostles answered and said, we ought to obey God rather than men." Acts v. 29.

In all these cases, worldly prudence would have dictated a different course, but right must be responded to, regardless of worldly considerations.

3. The power and success of the Gospel depends upon the maintainance of its radical positions, by its ministers and friends.

This will be admitted as a general principle.

No one will deny that ministers, christians, and churches, lose their moral power when they fail to exemplify the whole Gospel.

If we abate aught from the claims of the Gospel, it ceases to be a standard, and we have no standard of truth, right and duty, which we can enforce on the ground of divine authority.

If the whole Gospel is not to be maintained, we have no rule determining how much and what part must be maintained.

It is certain the Gospel will never reform mankind, only so far as it is applied, specifically to the evils to be removed.

To root up every evil plant, the Gospel plough must be applied to them.

The Gospel will never abolish intemperance, unless it is so preached as to condemn intemperance, even the very root of the evil.

The same is true of slavery and other evils.

So long as professed christians help make laws to sustain these evils, the Gospel will not abolish them.

The Gospel must be so preached as to come in conflict with them, to root them up; it must turn them out of the church, before it can root them out of the world.

If a man has evil weeds in his field, will he remove them if he turns his plough out every time he approaches one of them?

A large portion of the evils are connected with civil government, and the Gospel will never remove them, until it is so preached as to have something to do with politics.

4. The reformatory power of the Gospel is greatly increased and developed, when its radical positions are maintained in a proper manner and right spirit.

Much depends upon the manner and temper of those who undertake to enforce the Gospel.

Reformers should be reformed.

A spirit-vender or drunkard will preach temperance with poor success.

Reformers must not only be true and firm, but they must also be meek, and kind, and gentle; so much depends upon the spirit and temper in which the truth is urged upon the attention of men.

Reformers should not run into one extreme under pretense of avoiding another.

Some neglect one thing to attend to something else.

Some neglect everything else to attend to one thing.

No one branch has so much power by itself, as when all are urged together.

To promote a revival of religion, we

must have the elements of a revival in our own breasts; we must carry the fire in our own hearts.

5. The Gospel will prove an effectual reformatory power, if it be properly applied.

The individual experimenter will find its power sufficient to root out every evil from his heart, if he applies it with earnestness.

It will also cure public evils so far as it is applied.

What it cannot reform and wash out by its cleansing waters, it will burn up by its fires.

Will we now apply it to ourselves.

We have plants among us and in our own hearts, which God never planted.

Let us take hold of the Gospel plow, and turn out every evil plant.

The Evangelical Pulpit.

THE LOST OPPORTUNITY.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., July 26, 1863.

Eds. Guide: I write the following narrative of facts for publication, hoping that those who read it, may by avoiding my error, be saved from such suffering as I have endured from a neglect of christian duty.

Some years ago I experienced great kindness at the hands of one Mrs. C. I was a stranger, and she took me in, and cared for me as a sister. When I was sick, she ministered unto all my wants. In after years, as I knew her better, I could see no fault in her words or deeds. Kind to all around her and beloved by all, she seemed the embodiment of charity; and though never speaking of religion, she lived a consistent life and I thought her a true christian. Often, when I thought of speaking to her of the interests of her soul, I could but compare my own

poor attempts at good works with her noble charities, and under a humbling conviction of my own unworthiness, I kept silence.

Fowler's works began to be circulated in the neighborhood—a small hamlet—and I among the rest was much influenced by them, especially by "Natural and revealed religion." They were quickly succeeded by newspapers advocating Swedenborgianism, Spiritualism and free-love doctrines. All this time there was no faithful missionary to lift up his voice against the evil. Every man did or read that which was right in his own eyes, yet all professing, and many feeling, a sincere desire to know the truth. God gave me trial and sickness and so kept me safer than I deserved. When I went astray He sought me and brought me back; yet had not I courage and faith enough to follow my Saviour. Except he had held me up I had surely fallen.

I married while yet an invalid; and with the new cares—the alternate hopes and fears—and the every-day duties claiming all my time, I saw and knew little of my friend, Mrs. C. until I learned that she was very ill with consumption.

Then I went to see her and talked with her of her approaching death. I asked her, Are you willing to die? Her reply was "I don't know but I am, but it seems rather hard." Why does it seem hard? "Oh," she replied, "we have just got a new house and everything comfortable, and the children are young." I related to her the expressions of my husband, who seemed so happy when he believed he was near his death, and showed her how he, a christian, felt. I then asked her if she felt that there was a better home above—if she trusted in Christ?

"No," she replied, ; "I've been reading a good deal, and I don't think there will anything very bad be done to me after I am dead; and if you want to know it all, I believe that when I die, that will be the last of me."

I bowed my head upon my hands, and Oh, how my conscience smote me for that silence of years, when she knew I believed in Jesus! I prayed earnestly to God for help then to point her to Him as a refuge. Then I tried to direct her thoughts—I read to her from His word—but it was all useless. Her sister in a distant State, wrote most touching and affectionate letters, beseeching her to go to Jesus and find rest. When we read them to her, she would pettishly say "I do wish other people felt as well about me as I do about myself!"

In a few days she died, saying "I don't want to die—I don't want to leave my little family." Clinging to earth to the last—without hope and without God in the world—with the continued evidence of His goodness about her—in worldly prosperity and abundance—she died.

I had been rebellious of late, for God gave me trials every day; but at that death-bed I saw what might have come to me with riches, and I thanked him for mercifully chastening me every morning. O, may he still give me faith and hope in him, tho' he take away all else, and may all who read this take to their hearts the lesson in relation to those around them. "The night cometh when no man can work."

And further, Mr. Editor, allow me to speak of the condition of that hamlet. Its people are mostly intelligent farmers who are accustomed to reading newspapers and other periodicals, and while the religious world neglect to scatter

good reading, the emissaries of Satan are sowing tares. The rich christians of the East who are sending missionaries to convert the heathen, seem to forget that many at the West are in a worse state for want of some one to care for their souls. Is there no one among all those ministers who are standing idle all the day long because no man hath hired them, who will listen to the Saviour's command, "Go work in my vineyard?"

Long time have I prayed God to fulfil his promise made so long ago, "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord will lift up a standard against him."

May he put it into the hearts of some of his faithful servants to come and help us.

ROSE T. TRYON.

THE CONSECRATION.

BY E. E. ROGERS.

Here at the mercy seat I bow,
In thy dear presence all alone,
No ear but thine is listening now,
My vows to none but thee are known.

I bring of beast no offering,
Of blood no costly sacrifice,
A broken, contrite heart I bring,
And that I know thou'lt not despise.

I mourn that I have grieved thy love,
That I a wanderer have been,
I would come back no more to rove
Afar from God in paths of sin.

My God! this is the vow I make—
Strength to fulfil I seek from thee:
Sin and its pleasures I forsake
Henceforth to serve and follow thee.

I give myself away. I call
What I possess no longer mine.
Thou gavest all—thou ownest all,
And all forever more is thine.

Accept me, cleanse me, set me free,
Breathe choicest blessings from above,
Then will I praise and worship thee,
My song inspired by perfect love.

EXPERIENCE.

BY REV. DAVID D. SPEAR.

I never had read the Guide previous to this year. I love it very much, it expresses so many of the desires of my own heart. Two years ago I was living at a poor dying rate, "without hope and without God in the world, a stranger to the fold of Christ. I had often thought deeply on the necessity of vital godly piety, and many a time almost persuaded to seek my soul's salvation, but some darling plans and worldly prospects kept me from duty which I knew I ought to do.

As often as I would resolve to seek an interest in Christ, the world would rise up to separate me from kinder thoughts and better resolutions. Beyond this, I felt if I gave my heart to Jesus I should have to preach. One beautiful Sabbath morn in early spring, I wended my way to the college chapel to attend the morning devotions. Even the sound of the tolling bell as it broke upon the still air, seemed to strike deep solemnity to my heart. The birds as I passed along seemed praising their Maker for returning spring. Ah, thought I, how ungrateful in me, when all animated creation around praises the God of heaven and earth, I, who have received so many blessings, have thanked God not once in sincerity of heart for them all. After prayers I attended the social worship of the day. Every word of the discourse seemed directed to my heart. Said the preacher, "There is one admonition which moves us this morning, which guides our actions and controls our motives. It attends the merchant at the counter, the farmer in his field, the child at his earliest hour, the old man when he draws his latest breath. The same admonition urges us to be benevolent,

makes us sacrifice many things. And," said he, "it has brought some of you here to-day. You would rather be in your fields, you would rather be 'posting' your ledgers. You would rather be at your books, but for that voice in every one of your hearts saying, '*I ought.*' Would God the admonition would bring you to Christ." I went away from the church with different feelings. "*I ought,*" rang in my ears and pierced my very soul. What ought I to do? I ought to be a servant of the living God. I ought to prepare for the better world. Ah, I knew my duty well. I knew, too, that the prayers of a pious mother followed me. Early had she taught me the name of Jesus, and many never-to-be-forgotten lessons. I resolved to give up all for Christ, I did it, I found "peace in believing"—"the joy of the Lord my strength." Oh! the transporting rapture of that moment. I loved Jesus, I knew it. For a time all passed along very smoothly with me. God called me to preach his gospel. The call came not in harmony to my own wishes, I had chosen "law" for my profession. The offers of the favorite calling almost caused the loss of my soul. I told the Lord I could not preach. It was difficult to respond. I would plead, "suffer me to do this, or that," but the response came back, "Go preach my gospel." I struggled with my feelings some time. I found I must preach, or be lost, for I felt "woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel." I yielded to the call. I first told my mother of my feelings—asked her if it was not strange I should be called to the ministry. It was just what she had always expected; she had consecrated me to the work, and promised me to the Lord. My two brothers died in early years, only

buds taken home to bloom in the paradise of God. Twice left an only child, twice signally spared, surely God had something for me to do. God blesses me in my labors. The presence of Christ is near unto me, God keeps me and strengthens. Is there a second blessing? I have experienced only conversion. I know that all is upon the altar, and that I am striving to do the will of God with my whole heart. I receive his blessings and am happy in Jesus' love. I feel he saves me now. Is there a blessing beyond this? If so I desire it, for I would enjoy the fullness of the love of God, dwelling in the soul. If there is a second blessing which I have not received, may God in kindness lead me to it.

North Berwick, June 18, 1863.

LOVE FOR THE CROSS.

BY HANNAH SMITH.

I love to linger round the cross
On which my Saviour died,
And point poor sinners to the fount
That's open in his side.

I love to bow beneath the cross,
And raise my feeble heart
To him whose precious blood alone,
Can cleansing power impart.

I love to take my daily cross,
Because 'tis Christ's command,
And follow him through good report,
Through evil, too, to stand.

I'll wave the banner of the cross
On hill, in valley low;
And count all earthly gain but loss
So I but Jesus know.

HE that is not godly himself, cannot heartily love one that is godly, because similitude is both a cause and an effect of love; and this is when godliness is the cause of love, not his riches, his parts, his love to thee, but the holy image of God appearing in him.

Burgess.

A YOUNG CHRISTIAN SOLDIER, HIS LIFE AND DEATH.

The following sketch is from the pen of the Rev. L. G. Bingham, of New York City, the correspondent who furnishes the interesting reports of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting contained in the N. Y. Observer. While many in leaving home and encountering the temptations of the camp have laid aside their religious professions, it is truly refreshing to be able to record such an instance of devoted and consistent piety. We deprecate war. Justifiable or unjustifiable, it is a terrible ordeal. Happy he, who, amid its fire, is true to his God as well as his country.

Eds.

BEAUFORT, S. C., July 25, 1863.

I little thought, when I parted from you in your office, that my first letter from South Carolina would be from the death-bed and the grave of my eldest and dearly-beloved son. And now you should hear no words from me and my private joys and sorrows, if I did not believe, and had not been often told, that the testimony which he gave for Jesus should be given to the world. And all the more that as he was an officer in the army; and as your paper circulates largely in the army, his fellow officers and soldiers should know how a young christian can live and die in the army in the full assurance of faith and the glorious hope of a blessed immortality.

Lieut. Luther M. Bingham was first Paymaster in the N. Y. 26th Reg., under the old regimen when the N. Y. troops were paid by regimental paymasters. This was a short service, and when over, he enlisted in the N. Y. 23d, and from thence was transferred into Gen. Saxton's department, and was made Quartermaster of the First Reg. South Carolina Volunteers—a colored regiment under the command of Col. Higginson, and the first colored regiment ever organized. He became

connected with this regiment in October last.

He was a member of the South Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. Spear's, Brooklyn, N. Y., and for many years last past has been uncommonly active in the cause of mission Sabbath Schools. At the taking of Fernandina, Florida, by the regiment, he went to the chaplain, and asked him to read a notice from the pulpit, on the following Sabbath, that a Sabbath School would be gathered and organized on that day, which was accordingly done, he being chiefly instrumental in opening it,—an institution which has continued to the present time.

He has been for years an earnest christian, and took an active and lively interest in all prayer meetings and social religious gatherings. His voice was almost always heard, either in exhortation or prayer, in these assemblies. His was an earnest, cheerful piety, and he wielded a strong religious influence wherever he was.

He went to the South with no great confidence in the negroes as soldiers, and not very favorable impressions as to the expediency of organizing them into military bodies. But his views underwent a very great change. He found a very large number of these men of the most undoubted and simple hearted piety, and though unintelligent in many respects, according to our ideas, yet in others shrewd, knowing and earnest friends of the government and the laws. He became exceedingly attached to these men, as loyal to the government and to God, and especially did his heart warm to them for their simple and earnest faith in Jesus Christ. He never seemed so happy as when in the midst of them. And these sable soldiers all seemed to be pervaded with

an earnest love to their Quartermaster. He succeeded in gaining their entire confidence, and they would do anything for him. The surgeon said to me one day—

“I have stood and seen your son directing the labors of these men in loading and unloading transports and doing the work which devolved upon them, and I have been amazed at the incredible amount of work which he would get out of them in an incredibly short space of time. He was very strict, very thorough, and yet nobody ever heard him use a loud or angry word.” “And another thing I want you to understand,” said the Colonel, “in no single instance has your son been known to do an act of injustice to one of these colored men. Sometimes they complained, and when an investigation was made, he was always found to be in the right.”

His was a very responsible and difficult post of duty, and all bore witness to the fidelity with which he had discharged it. His own mother was the daughter of Capt. E. Samson, who was in the war of 1812, and never, with but rare exceptions, did he fail to gather his men for prayer every morning and hold with them what he termed family worship, consisting of the reading of the Scriptures and prayer.

The grandson seemed to gather up the spirit of his maternal grandsire, and carried in the camp the manifestation of a cheerful, but most strict adherence to religious principles. He told me one day, on his sick bed, that he never had touched a drop of liquor since he had been in the service. Said he, “I made a mistake. If I had taken something after this came on me I could have thrown it off.”

I arrived at Hilton Head on the even-

ing of the 18th of July, on board the Arago. When Gen. Saxton had been telegraphed the news of the steamer's arrival, he sent down a small steamer to take us to Beaufort, 15 miles further up the river. Though it was known on board, no one told me that my son was sick until just before we landed. A chaplain then told me that he had been on an expedition towards Charleston, had been much exposed, and had been sun-struck, and was completely paralyzed, and was lying in a private house near where we should land. We landed at 3 o'clock on Sabbath morning, July 19th.

I went immediately to the house, where he lay, attended by an officer and some of the colored men of the regiment. He was in a side parlor, surrounded by a verandah, with large open windows. The attendants thought it not best that I should see him until I could come with the surgeon in the morning. I could not, however, resist the desire to step noiselessly into the room and look at him as he lay with his back toward me and his face toward the open window. I thought he could not hear me possibly. And yet he *felt* that some one was there desirous to see him, and it agitated him greatly, so I was told.

The next morning I went in, at an early hour, with the surgeon, who broke it to him that I had come, while I tarried at the door, and in a moment I was invited in. The very first words which he uttered were:

"Fathe., I am all right—all right. It is all bright on the other side."

These words he uttered with an indescribably gladsome smile upon his face. He knew I would know how comprehensive those words were and how much they meant. I doubt not

they had reference, in his own mind, to a letter he had written to me a few days before—the *last to me*—in which he says,

"I shall certainly not feel restive because you express concern about me. On the contrary, I thank you for it. I know that men in the army are likely to fall, and there is great wickedness abounding there. Yet to one whose trust is alone in Christ, it seems to me he will not fall. I feel that I have little to do with *keeping myself*. I have given myself wholly and fully to Christ; and, when I did that, Christ took me and *saved* me from *that hour*. He has promised to do so. Is his promise worth anything? Is it sure? If so, I am *certainly* saved. I have nothing to do with saving myself. Christ works out my salvation. And there are no 'ifs' and 'ands' about it. All I have to do is to place my hand in Christ's hand and follow where he leads and marks the way. I know that from a lack of christian privileges a christian life may become cold and ineffective, but I have no fear of being lost. I *know* that my Redeemer liveth, and that my salvation is *sure*! Is this presumption on my part? No! Because the author of it all and the end of it all is *Christ*. And, then, is there no answer to prayer? Think you that I am not followed day by day by the prayers of the home circle? I know that I am—that, morning and evening, my name is mentioned as you kneel around the family altar. And there are other prayers that reach the throne of grace, warm from the heart of one whose love for me burthens them with earnestness—one whose influence over me is only for good. Can I fall, thus surrounded and encircled by prayer, and, more than all, held up by the never failing love of Jesus, whose promise is that he will never leave nor forsake me?"

"Do not feel worried in regard to me. If I fall, as I may, either by bullet or disease, do not mourn for me. Feel that I have done my duty, and that you have given me a sacrifice for the country, and from henceforward you own an interest in her. I shall have only gone before. Give my love to all the family, and feel assured that you have the interest and the love of
LUTHER."

No mortal can tell how cheering this letter was. Here was a son in the

army, teaching a father—a minister of religion—what it is to simply trust in Jesus Christ by faith. This letter just received, must have been full in his mind when he woke up with such a glad smile and said, “Father, I am all right, all right, it is all bright on the other side!”

I found my dear son sun-struck from the base of the brain downward, so that he could not move either hand or foot, yet his brain was untouched. His regiment had been ordered up the South Edisto River to create a diversion of the enemy's forces. They got within thirty miles of Charleston. He had to stand in the hot sun and superintend the disembarking of troops and stores, and then of embarking again, until he was fatally smitten, to rise from the effects of it no more. He was never left without the best of attendants to be with him. Five surgeons, all men of great skill and experience, did all they could to save him, but though some hope was expressed through Sabbath, the 19th, yet when night came, I could see that all hope vanished and his case was regarded as mortal, to be speedily terminated.

It only remains for me to give a brief summary of his exercises during the twenty-four hours I was permitted to be with him. He suffered no pain whatever, but wanted to be frequently turned. He was perfectly conscious and could converse, though he could not swallow a drop—could not command the muscles used in swallowing. Yet he was cheerful and observant of all that was passing. He was as patient and uncomplaining as a lamb, though naturally exceedingly active and energetic. He was often seen smiling with a peculiarly joyous smiling face when he was looking at no one,

and was only busy with his own thoughts. Evidently his heart was full of joy. It was very pleasant to be with him. He had two favorite men of the regiment with him—“March” and “Lendon”—noble specimens of their race. March said to me when I first saw him, “When Quartermaster dies and goes to heaven, March wants to die too, and go to heaven for *sure*,—don't want to live when Quartermaster is gone.”

My son said to me one time through the day “Father, Jesus and Glory and Heaven are true. Last night I thought I was in the river, and brother Willie was here to lead me over, and I expected to go every moment. But I was told I could not go, I must wait a little longer. It was hard to come back, I assure you, I wanted to go, oh, so much! I long to be with Jesus. I am going straight to his arms.”

He expressed great affection for the colored men around him, speaking to them with great tenderness of manner. At one time I said to him, “Luther, how about these colored men?” “Oh, father, they are my staff. I never knew how to pray till I heard them pray, so simple, so childlike, so trusting. Father, these negroes know how to trust Jesus; Jesus is everything to them.”

The Adjutant of the regiment sat up with me the last night of his stay, and there was a young lady in the house—a distant relative—a pious, devoted christian young woman, living in the family of her uncle. He had found her out and was very fond of being at the house. It was by her means he was brought there to die. This was a great kindness that he could have a highly cultivated and christian young lady to minister to him in his sickness, as only

a woman can. Toward morning I perceived that his heart was beating loudly and rapidly. He noticed it himself, and said, "Father, I shall not stay long. I wish you would call cousin Ammie."

I called her, and she was in the room in a moment. When he saw her coming to his bedside his face was covered with smiles, and with an inexpressible joy he said, "Come here, cousin Ammie, and bid me good bye," as if he was going on a most delightful journey. She bent low down, and he kissed her. "This," said he, pausing, "is good bye for —," one dearer to him than life, his chosen companion for life's journey. "Tell her good bye for me,"—and, kissing her again, "This is good bye for you, cousin." And then, after a little pause, he kissed me. "Good bye, father," said he, very cheerfully. I asked him, "Have you any message for your brothers and sisters?" "Yes, tell them to keep straight ahead." They are all professors of religion. "Any message for your mother?" said I. "She is all right," said he. After a little pause, "Any for M——?" "Yes," he answered, "I have committed that to Cousin Ammie." This was done before I came. The message was, "Tell M—— her earthly hopes have been bright. She must move them now to heaven. They will be brighter there. Tell her she will meet me soon. Kiss her and bid her good bye."

I inquired if all was well with him? He said "Yes." I asked if he were in any pain? He said "None." The bright sun of early morning was now shining. He lay still for some time, and seemed in a state of repose, though his eyes were wide open. He asked me at length to keep bathing his head

with ice-water. I asked "Why?" He answered, "I want my senses up to the last minute."

"Are you afraid you shall lose them?" I asked. He said, "No, but I feel my head is a little cloudy."

He lay still some time. Then, turning to me, he said, "Did not I die last night?"

"No," I answered, "You are dying now."

"Where have I been?"

"On the expedition with your regiment."

"Where am I now?"

"In Mr. Judd's house," I said; and then he seemed to comprehend all and gather all up into his mind. I said to him, "Are you afraid, Luther?" "Oh, no!" he answered, "I want to go." He lay with his eye fastened intently upon me for many minutes. To see if he could speak and was conscious, I said, "Are you in pain?" He shook his head. "Is all well with you, Luther?" He nodded—and in a few moments more he fell asleep. *Blessed sleep.* There was no gasping—no shudder. It was ceasing to breathe, and not a single struggle for breath. Gone to be

Forever with the Lord.

My heart is full of assurance that he lives in heaven, and his beautiful christian character lives on earth. It will never die.

He died at 6 A. M., our time, on the 20th July. His age was 26 years and 10 months. On the morning of the 21st, his funeral was attended by all the officers and men of the regiment who were able to be on duty. The exercises were conducted by the chaplain of the post, Rev. Mr. Harris, who referred in very affecting terms to the address which he made a few nights

before, in a prayer meeting of 400 or 500 soldiers, held in the church near at hand, in the yard of which we lowered him into his grave. He said he should never forget that address. Some who heard it had fallen on Morris Island, and some lay wounded in the hospitals near by us, and some will never forget his dying words to trust in Jesus—commit their all to Jesus—do it at once, and do it always.

Then came the three vollies over his grave by one-third of the regiment, and slowly we departed. That regiment is a regiment of mourners.

This young Quartermaster lived a short life, and when the father expressed this idea as we were walking to the grave in the procession, a chaplain said "No, brother Bingham, his life of one year in South Carolina has been longer than if he had lived forty years at the North. Think of the impressions he has made on all the officers of his regiment and other regiments—on all these colored men. There is not a black man, woman or child in all the South that has not a special interest in the life that he has lived, and the influence which he has exerted.

THERE is no greater anger than when God is silent, and talks not with us, but suffers us to go on in our sinful works, and to do all things according to our own passions and pleasures; as it has been with the Jews during the last fifteen hundred years.—*Luther.*

THE RELIGIOUS TIE—is perhaps as strong as can bind two hearts together; the tie that comprises time and eternity—God and man; and that has for its basis the most solemn and liberal, the most simple and magnificent exercises of the soul; that sweeps all the earth

in quest of objects to pity or to save, and still finds in the nearest and homeliest duties the repose of contentment, the affluence of satisfaction, and the lustre of fame; that moves with destiny and reposes on Providence; that loves Love, exults in the pure, and swells in the light, as the new starting bud of the spring anemone.—*Richard Edney.*

TUESDAY MEETING, 54 RIVINGTON STREET, N. Y.

During the opening exercises this week the following note was handed to Mrs. L——, which she read aloud:

Dearest friends—I think it my duty to let you know to the honor and glory of God what profit I did have in having the opportunity to visit this meeting for the first and only time last Tuesday. I have been struggling as I did say for a long time after a clean heart, but it seemed to me no progress. But glory be to God this meeting was the means of bringing me to the point. I think every word that was spoken was a blessing to me. Going out, an old gentleman took me by the hand, and asked me if I did believe? I had a hard struggle, but answered, "Yes." I did believe all the way home, without any evidence or feeling till I got in my closet, where I bent my knees in prayer, and the blessing came, yes, Jesus took full possession of my poor heart; and from that time to this, I have a sweet assurance and happiness to which before I was a stranger, and I do trust in Jesus for the future. All the honor and glory to be to his holy name. Business calls me away so I cannot be present to-day. Your humble and unworthy brother in Christ.

A SWEDES SEAMAN."

The meeting was characterized by the same confessions of many who had

last week, and in the interval, received the witness of purity of heart. Also a goodly number rose for prayer, and some entered into rest. The work of sanctification to neighboring churches is hopefully progressing, and Zion begins to show something of her beauty.

The meeting this week although the weather was quite unfavorable, was large, and of special interest in its instruction. No pulpit or book could make such vivid impressions as are received in the relation of simple experience, which is unexpectedly brought out at the spur of the moment. A minister spoke of having rebuked wrong and injustice in a way which caused him some searchings of heart afterward; and learned a lesson to do such a duty *in a better way*. Another minister replied that he was glad his brother had gone through the minutia of that experience; it showed how quick and tender the conscience is in a sanctified state, and that things we may have passed over before, as trifles, are not so with us now. He had been reading lately of the necessity of being saved from all *unsavory peculiarities*—these are taints upon the doctrine of holiness. We should avoid sarcasm, and severity of manner, and in all things have the love that thinketh no evil. He spoke of the delicacy and refinement which accompanies purity of heart.

In the advanced stage of the meeting a minister expressed himself as having thought much lately of being *a sacrifice, a living sacrifice*, in his Master's service, body, soul and spirit. It was no time for him to study geology, or astronomy, for souls are perishing, and he meant to save all he could. His soul had been much quickened in the conversion of sinners in his church.

He rejoiced in his personal enjoyment of full salvation, and in presenting it clearly and plainly to his people; although not definitely enforced in the standards of the body to which he belongs. Many desired prayer at the close, and some entered in through faith and were fully saved.

It was thought at the close, a season of the divine presence, and without exceptions. The way of faith was made plain to the seeker, and those advanced on the highway picked up pearls dropped by fellow pilgrims.

"IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE."

One moment, the sick-room, the scaffold, the stake: the next, the paradisiacal glory. One moment, the sob of parting anguish; the next, the great deep swell of the angels' song. Never think, reader, that the dear ones you have seen die had far to go to meet God after they parted from you. Never think, parents, who have seen your children die, that after they left you they had to traverse a dark, solitary way, along which you would have liked, if it had been possible, to lead them by the hand, and bear them company till they came into the presence of God. You did so if you stood by them till the last breath was drawn. You did bear them company into God's very presence if you only staid beside them till they died. The moment they left you they were with him. The slight pressure of the cold fingers lingered with you yet, but the little child was with his Saviour.

Recreations of a Country Parson.

GOSPEL holiness includes a heart broken for sin, a heart broken off from sin, and a perpetual conflict with sin.

Medley.

LETTER FROM CHINA.

BY S. L. BALDWIN.

FUHCHAU, June 23d, 1863.

To the Editors of the Guide: In accordance with the resolution expressed in a former letter, to write to you concerning such things among the Chinese as might, from time to time, suggest themselves to me, I will now give you a few words concerning the "Dragon Boat Festival," which was observed here last Saturday.

This festival was instituted in honor of Wah Tien, a statesman who lived about 300 years B. C. He drowned himself in the Yantse-kiang river, and having been greatly beloved by the people for his virtues, they made search for his body.

The day of the festival is the 5th day of the 5th month; but as early as the first day of the month, the dragon boats begin to appear on the river. These are boats long enough to hold thirty pairs of rowers, and just wide enough for two to sit abreast. The bow is carved into the shape of a dragon. A man stands on the extreme end of the bow waving a red flag with the utmost energy of action; others behind him are beating gongs and drums, as though their very lives depended upon their exertions, while the rowers ply their oars with the greatest rapidity. These boats generally go in pairs, and race up and down the river, as though in search of the deceased statesman. On one day last week we counted from our verandah, thirteen of these long, narrow, queer-looking boats in full motion on the river Min. The thermometer must have stood considerably above 100 in the sun—yet here were scores of men exposed to the full power of its scorching rays, exerting themselves to the very utmost of their strength on a

pure fiction—an imaginary search for the body of a man who drowned himself over 2000 years ago! On the fifth day, the real day of the festival, there seemed to be fewer boats on the river, and much less noise than on the preceding days. I suppose the people were feasting at their homes, and did not care to leave the *nice* things of the table for a search after the dead statesman in the hot sun.

The feasts on these occasions generally consist of varieties of meat and fish, cut up in small bits, cooked to suit the Chinese palate, and of the right size to be conveniently handled with chop-sticks, together with vegetables and fruit. I do not know whether the spirit of Wah Tien is invited to partake of the "essence" of the food. Probably this is the case, but if so, there is no perceptible diminution in the "substance," which the people greedily devour, after he has got through with the "essence." They have a drink called *sam-shiu* at their feasts, mildly intoxicating, which flushes their faces and makes them silly, but seldom produces anger, and never delirium.

At this season, also, charms are hung up at the door-posts, consisting of sprigs of artemisia, which are supposed to ward off sickness during the coming season.

How full of vain imaginations are the minds of this people.

A SOLEMN THOUGHT.—Richard Baxter once said, "I seldom hear the bell toll for one that is dead but conscience asks me, 'What hast thou done for the saving of that soul before it left the body? There is one more gone into eternity! What didst thou do to prepare him for it? And what testimony must be given to the Judge concerning thee?'"

A PRIME ELEMENT OF SUCCESS.

"I feel persuaded that if I could follow the Lord more fully myself, my ministry would be used to make a deeper impression than it has yet done."

Thus said McCheyne, and thus have felt many devoted and successful ministers. The late venerable Archibald Alexander was accustomed to say to his students, "You will be good preachers just in proportion as you are rich in christian experience." He certainly did not undervalue intellectual training, nor the gift of a graceful and forcible utterance by means of the pen and the voice. But he knew that men speak with power when they speak from the depths of their own experience. This is true in regard to secular matters; much more is it true in regard to spiritual matters.

Those who follow the Lord most closely, will, in the main, be the most successful in winning souls to Christ, and in building them up in faith and holiness. Their success will be of God. It will not be bestowed on account of their merit. The holiest man who ever lived did not deserve to be the instrument of the conversion of a single soul. God in his sovereign and gracious pleasure uses as his chosen instruments the men who follow him most fully.

It can not be said, by way of objection, if you urge this element of success upon the attention of men, you will cause them to neglect other things; if you tell the student that he will be a successful minister in proportion as he is a holy man, he will give himself wholly to the pursuit of holiness, and will neglect his studies. Not so. If he will give himself wholly to the pursuit of holiness, he will be very diligent in his studies. Holiness

is conformity to God's will. In proportion as a man follows after holiness, will he seek to know and to do God's will. It is God's will that his ministers should give attention to reading, and to all things necessary to their becoming thoroughly furnished unto every good work.

In proportion as men follow the Lord, the truths of the Bible become living truths in their souls. These living truths speak through them to the souls of their fellow men. More potent than the highest specimens of elocutionary art are the tones of sincerity prompted by a true and deep christian experience.—*S. S. Times.*

LETTERS FROM MRS. TRUE.

The following paper, containing letters from Mrs. Mary True, to her daughter-in-law, (our correspondent, "A student,") will be perused by our readers with tearful interest. It should have appeared in the Guide for September. The manuscript was mislaid and has just been recovered. EDS.

MY DEAR CHILD:—It is but little that I can say to you compared to what I feel. Isabella has been very kind in reading to me. Yesterday morning I was sitting up and felt a little better. I asked for the Bible. I commenced to read, after being unable to do it for many weeks; and Oh, what a feast to my soul! It seemed like the bread and water of life. I began to cry, "Glory to God for the Bible, the blessed Bible"—which I could not help repeating for some time. It is impossible to describe what I felt while a shower of blessings came down upon me. I was so filled with the Spirit, and so much goodness passed before me, and such a weight of glory rested down upon me, it was perhaps about as much as I could bear in so great weakness of body. But I sat in my chair four

hours. How quickly the time passed while I rested so sweetly in Jesus. Dear Elizabeth, I did not sleep away my happiness, though it came to my mind that I should not feel so in the morning. But I feel that I am in safe keeping to-day as well as yesterday. I feel so lifted up above the things of time and sense. I have desired for a long time most earnestly, that I might be more risen with Jesus. My prayer is answered more fully than I could expect. I am but dust; but my heart seems full of Jesus. I cry out, what is this world to heaven?—what is the chaff to the wheat? Jesus is my resurrection and my life. How good the Lord is to permit me to enjoy so much of the presence of my Saviour—one that has made so little progress in holiness. My weak head needs rest. Love to my dear friends where you visit. Much love to yourself. I have been saying to my sons that there is a blessed reality in the religion of Jesus. No more now—must lie down.

YOUR MOTHER.

In the autumn, on my return, I found her patiently waiting the Master's bidding for her to go, or stay a little longer. After this she was restored to her usual health, which was but feeble. My own illness prevented me from seeing her through the winter, though my home was but a few miles from hers. Jan. 4th, she wrote me, "This is the first Sabbath of the new year. Two years ago last evening, about ten o'clock, my husband left us to return no more. How fresh that solemn hour is to me to-day; but the Lord be praised that I have a good hope that he has landed safe in heaven. No more sorrow there; but sweet rest,—rest for the weary. May I be all ready to follow. This is a good Sabbath to

me. Jesus is my present Saviour."

March 2nd, she wrote me again, commencing,

DEAR ELIZABETH:—I am very sick; sat up twenty minutes yesterday, and not more than five to-day. The last hour has been a precious hour to me. I was thinking that eight years ago, this hour, two o'clock, our dear Wesley was leaving us, and we could not be with him. The tears started and I wept; but soon his pure spirit seemed to be hovering around me; then the spirit of my dear husband came; then the spirits of dear Joseph and Julia came. They all were hovering around me, and my blessed Saviour with them. I cannot describe it; I am very weak. I wanted them to stay longer; but Joseph assured me they would come again soon. My husband never seemed so dear before. I must lie down.

MOTHER.

In about one month, the escort came again without doubt, though she could not give an indication of it. Two days before her death a collapse of the brain took place. I did not get able to go to see her in time to be recognized, but I knew that all was well.

ELIZABETH W. TRUE.

THE STARS.—Look at the heavens above you. There is star after star, all through the infinite realm of space—some shedding down streams of glorious radiance, some bestowing only a feeble light—but, nevertheless, all pouring their tribute of brightness from their gilded urns, and all fulfilling, in the general system of the universe, an office of good and of blessing. So every man may shed his portion of light and perform his function of benevolence, whatever may be his station in society as respects wealth.—*Chapin.*

THE SOUL SET FREE.

Happy is that soul which, freed from its earthly prison, at liberty, seeks the sky; which sees thee, its Lord, face to face; which is touched by no fear of death, but rejoices in the incorruption of eternal glory. At rest and secure, it no longer dreads death and the enemy. Now, O Lord, it possesses thee, whom it has long sought and always loved. Now it is joined to the company of those who sing to thy praise, and forever it sings to thy glory the sweet sounds of never-ending blessedness. For of the fatness of thy house, and the rivers of thy pleasure, thou givest it to drink. Happy is the band of the heavenly citizens, and glorious the solemnity of all who are coming back to thee from the sad toil of this our pilgrimage to the joy of beauty, and the loveliness of universal splendor, and the majesty of all grace. There shall the eyes of thy people see thee face to face; there nothing at all that can trouble the mind is permitted to the ears.

What songs of praise! What sounds of harmonious instruments! What sweetly flowing chorusses! What music rises there without end! There sounds continually the voice of hymns and pleasant chants, which are sung to thy glory by the heavenly inhabitants. Malignity and the gall of bitterness have no place in thy kingdom, for there is no wicked one, nor is wickedness found therein. There is no adversary nor any deceitfulness of sin. There is no want, no disgrace, no wrangling, no turmoil, no quarreling, no fear, no inquietude, no punishment, no doubting, no violence, no discord; but there is the excellency of peace, the fulness of love, praise eternal and glory to God, peaceful rest without end, and ever-

lasting joy in the Holy Spirit.

O how blessed shall I be if ever I hear those most sweet choirs of thy citizens, those mellifluous songs ascribing the honor that is due to the Holy Trinity. But O how exceedingly blessed shall I be if I shall be found among those who sing to our Lord Jesus Christ the sweet songs of Zion!

St. Augustine's Manual of Devotion.

THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

BY P. P. DALEY.

I have often found it both pleasant and profitable to turn back to the time when God first set my feet in the narrow way, and from that starting point to trace by the light of experience the way in which I have been led. To live over again in memory the hour when faith and hope first came to me promising to sustain me in whatever difficulty or danger I might be called to pass through. And how faithfully have they fulfilled their promise through all these intervening years; faith ever whispering to my heart of a risen Saviour, able and willing to save—hope ever pointing to the “crown of life” awaiting me at the end of my journey. How does memory love to linger over the great mercies which crowd the past; over the crosses and trials which then seemed so dark and heavy, but which now shine out in their true character as the richest blessings a wise and good God could bestow. Over how many dark and dangerous passages hath the angel of mercy guided my unwary feet! O the rich, the precious past! In reflecting upon its mercies gratitude wells up from the depths of my soul; its healthful streams overflow my heart sweeping away every murmuring or repining thought.

And I likewise find it exceedingly profitable to turn my mind and heart

forward to the future. To the great future, which will soon be to us an everlasting *present*. For surely if the past be precious, the future must be more so. As much must it exceed it as does the end attained, the means used. If our hearts glow with gratitude to God for what he has done for us, what will it be when faith is lost in sight? Those fadeless crowns which now seem so distant, and to which we look forward with much apprehension lest Satan should after all wrest them from us, will then be fitted to our brows. We shall then embrace that Saviour in whom we have believed, and in him find full and perfect rest. O the future! The blood-bought inheritance of the saints! How should its hopes and prospects stimulate our hearts, filling them with love and gratitude and holy desire. My poor weak heart needs to feed daily upon this heavenly manna. Often I send it journeying heavenward; faith leads the way—up through the golden portals, across the heavenly plain, down beside the river of the water of life and underneath the tree of life—where I am wont to gather strength for the cares and duties of the day. The rapturous songs of praise which in that blest clime fill every heart and employ every harp and tongue, leave upon my soul such an impress of praise and thanksgiving that no earthly influence can erase.

And thus is it that both the past and the future mingle with and sanctify my present. Praise God for life *here* as a preparation for the life to come.

Milan, Ohio.

THE higher a bird flies, the more out of danger he is; and the higher a christian soars above the world, the safer are his comforts.—*Sparke.*

DO YOU LOVE JESUS?

A few months since, that venerable man of God, Dr. Lyman Beecher, went to his rest. Some nine years ago, during a revival in one of our eastern churches, he was present, his form then bowed with age, his locks white as snow, and his voice tremulous as a child's. I myself, then scarce more than a child, shall never forget his deep earnestness as he urged the young to come to Christ; but one sentence remains ineffaceably engraved on my memory as a sweet memento of his life.

A large number had gathered in the pastor's study for religious conversation and special prayer. The Spirit of God was there. Passing through the room, speaking words of consolation or entreaty, Dr. Beecher paused by the side of a little girl, perhaps of ten summers. Bending over her, he said,—

“Do you love Jesus?”

“Yes, sir,” said the child, confidently, not looking up, for her eyes were filled with tears.

He placed his hand on her head as if in blessing, saying in that tremulous voice, modulated by deep emotion within,—

“Well, you *may* love him just as much as you have a mind to.”

Perhaps that child has forgotten those words, but I never can. Often, when a cold world has looked down frowningly, I have thought of this precious love.

Little ones, do you love Jesus? You love your playmates, but they will grow up and leave you; you love your brothers and sisters, but by and by the cares of life will seem to divide your affections; you love your father and mother, but soon they must die and be

laid in the grave. Do you love Jesus? He loves you.

"His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end."

What has he not done for you to testify that love? He has given you all the good things of life, and died for you on the cross to save you from eternal death. Will you return his love? See! He opens his arms, saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

PROMISES.

BY A. C. B. L.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises. He is faithful that promised."

Who is the faithful promisor? God, the creator and upholder of the universe, of which this sin-ruined world is but a small, a very small portion. God, who sits upon the throne of the universe and at a glance takes cognizance of all throughout his mighty realm—the moral governor of all sentient beings, in all this vast domain. The scales of justice, poised in his hand, weigh with unerring precision every word, act, and motive of his intelligent creatures, and the slightest want of an even balance ensures condemnation and the sentence of banishment from his presence. If justice were the only attribute of his character, well might we tremble and stand in awe; for "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." "Our God is a consuming fire." But "gracious is the Lord, and righteous, yea, our God is merciful." "The Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." "God is love," and his infinite, loving heart devised the plan of redeeming his revolted, ruined subjects from this terrible condemnation and guilt—and he redeemed them, "not with cor-

ruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ" his Son.

By means of this atonement come the promises—the precious promises—the great and precious promises—the exceeding great and precious promises. Through Christ they are given, to whom?

To us,—yes, dear reader, to *you* and to *me*—as being numbered among those for whom the atonement was made. May we expect these promises will be fulfilled? "He is faithful that promised." If we fulfil the conditions, he will never fail. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive." If we give him an undivided heart, a constant, unwavering trust, if we truly "come out from" the world, and are not conformed to it in heart or life, "and touch not the unclean thing," he will receive us—will dwell in us, and walk in us, and will be our Father, and we shall be his children—"heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ" to a heavenly inheritance. Who has fathomed the greatness, the preciousness, the exceeding greatness and preciousness of the promises made to us, even to us, so unworthy, so ill-deserving?

PRAY WITH THANKSGIVING.

We are not to forget that *praise* is as important a part of communion with God as prayer. It is the language of gratitude; and, unless we are grateful for what we have received, we are not in a condition to receive more. We have heard of the man cast on a desert island; through a whole year, he devoted one day each week to fasting and prayer, that a vessel might come that way and take him from his lonely exile. But no vessel came. At last he thought of his numerous mercies, and chided

his ingratitude. Why did he not perish with his companions in the wrecked ship? Why was he cast upon an island furnishing food and drink? Why was he not a prey to wild beasts? Why were his health and reason preserved? Why was he yet alive? Why out of hell? He set apart the next day for thanksgiving and praise. The whole day proved too short to recount his mercies and express his gratitude; but while still praising God, just as the evening sun was rolling his golden wheel into the ocean, he saw the ship in sight that was to answer all his prayers, restore him to his native country and the bosom of his rejoicing family.—*Hidden Life.*

GIVING A CUP OF COLD WATER.

There is a pleasant story told of a man living on the borders of an African desert who carried daily a pitcher of cold water to the dusty thoroughfare, and left it for any thirsty travelers who might pass that way. And our Saviour said, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." But cups of cold water are not given in African deserts alone. A spiritual Sahara spreads over the whole earth, and to its fainting travelers many a ready hand holds forth the grateful "cup."

A lady, whose home looks out upon our beautiful common, called to ask me if I would tell her of some poor and sick persons to whom she could be of service in furnishing good books. The names of two were given; and the Testament, in large type, which shortly found its way to the old man's abode, also the green tea and white sugar—rare luxuries—for the feeble

woman in the cellar-kitchen, and the dollar bill, slipped into her hand at parting—were they not "cups of cold water?"

A poor Scotch comb-maker's wife, whose generous heart is larger than her purse, gave me fifteen combs, asking, in a half doubting way, if I thought some poor children, who had none, would not like them. And so fifteen young hearts were made glad! By what? Surely by "cups of cold water," in no wise to lose their reward.

Several young misses met in our pastor's parlor, in the early part of the season, to sew for poor children. From time to time they have come together, plying busy fingers with happy hearts. And we have sixty-two garments as a result. Sixty-two "cups of cold water!" How the heavenly inventory runs up!

A pious German woman, herself an invalid, heard that her neighbor in the yard below was yet more feeble. The bottle of wine, provided for her at the doctor's suggestion, would surely do that neighbor good. And so, nimble little feet are soon at the widow's door, a bright face looks in, and with a "Mother sent you this," the little flask stands upon the table. Wine to the sick woman it may be; but the divine chemistry, which years ago changed water into wine, can show this also to be a "cup of cold water!"

Late one Saturday evening a pious widow, in humble circumstances, who had not walked, save from one chamber to another, for years, sent me a loaf of bread, with the message, "The Lord sent it to me for some poor woman." The lateness of the hour, and our Lord's saying, that it was lawful to do good on the Sabbath day, determined me to leave it until the morning,

when I took it where I thought it would be welcome. "The Lord has sent you a loaf of bread, Mrs. S.," I remarked as I went in. Lifting up her hands toward heaven, her eyes filling with tears, she exclaimed, "The Lord be praised." Then pointing to the neatly-spread table, with its scanty breakfast, she said, "There is all we had for to-day." Was it strange that the ringing of the church bells made glad music in my ear that morning? And may we not believe notes of joy were heard above, as the heavenly chronicler noted down, in that wondrous book, another "cup of cold water in the name of a disciple?"

And so streams of refreshing flow through the parched desert. So to fainting lips is pressed, by loving hands, the overflowing "cup."

Life of Susan M. Underwood.

FULL OF JOY AND PEACE.

Many Christians know little of permanent joy and peace. Divided in their affections between religion and the world; half-hearted in their attachment to Christ; they are troubled with uneasy consciences from neglect of duty, and with restless cravings for forbidden pleasures. They have too much principle to forsake religious duty, and too little to submit to the sacrifices it exacts. Being double-minded, they are unstable in all their ways, and like the troubled sea, cannot rest.

There are other christians, whom large experience has taught the folly of forsaking the living Fountain for broken cisterns that can hold no water. They are not tempted to stray from God, for they know there is no other resort for light in darkness, or comfort in trouble. They cling to Christ, as the branch clings to the vine, drawing from him

alone their spiritual life. Their course is steadily onward; their strength is sustained by daily communion with God and his word; and they have learned something by an inward experience, of that peace which is like a river, and that righteousness which is like the waves of the sea.

An aged veteran, long-beloved for his ripened graces, and honored for christian steadfastness, said, a few weeks ago, in a social meeting:

"Brethren, I ought to be willing to testify to the goodness of the Lord and the pleasantness of his service. I have had many delightful hours. I have known seasons when my heart was so full of the joy and peace of the Gospel that I felt it would be wrong to pray for more. I seemed to have as much as my present nature could contain. But I hope to have more in heaven, when my body and soul, changed into the perfect image of Christ, shall have a larger capacity for happiness and holiness."

He subsequently added, fearing lest he might have been misunderstood:

"I do not mean that I have been satisfied, but that I have been as happy as my present frame can bear. I can see more beyond. I know there is much more to be felt, when the soul gets nearer and more like God. But my joy and peace have been so great that I could contain no more. Religion gives great comfort here, but there is something better yet in reserve. 'Then shall I be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness!'"

Who would not prefer the peace of a heart at rest in Christ, to the peevish discontent of a divided heart?

Watchman and Reflector.

In my daily cares, I will endeavor to aim at the glory of God.

REVIVAL IN IRELAND.

BY MRS. PALMER.

ENNISKILLEN, Aug. 15, 1863.

We have since made short visits to three or four places, which though primarily in view of the revival of God's work, have also been chosen as locations favorable to health, as both Dr. P. and myself have not been at all well, and need rest. Though intending to take a little respite by going to the smaller towns, we have held two meetings daily, with the exception of but one place.

First after the date of my last letter we went to Norwich, where we stayed one week, and saw a gracious work.

Our next remove was to Edgeworth, where we enjoyed an interesting visit at the house of an opulent friend, where we were favored with invigorating mountain breezes, holding meetings each evening at which some received pardon, and others purity. Our stay at E. was less than a week, after which we went to Southport, a populous watering town on the Irish Sea.

Here we held mid-day and evening meetings a little over a week, and saw the altar nightly surrounded with earnest seekers. As no secretary was appointed, we cannot say how many found mercy, or received the sanctifying seal, but we know the Lord wrought most graciously in healing the broken hearted, and cleansing his people.

By the address of my letter you see that we are again in Ireland. We came by official request of the Wesleyan friends here to attend a Camp Meeting. The meeting closed two or three days ago. It was marked by some extraordinary manifestations of God's power and presence. The number of the saved I cannot tell, as there was

no regular secretary this year. Last Sabbath was particularly owned of God. I asked two leading brethren to act as secretaries and take the names and residences of those who sought and found, in order that they might be looked after, and cared for, by nursing fathers and mothers in Israel. The names of above one hundred were received. They also informed me that according to their record about 100 received the blessing of purity. The Lord grant that they may abide faithful unto death. The meeting closed on Wednesday. The Lord's Supper was administered to about three hundred of various denominations. It was a season of great sweetness and power. Just before the conclusion of the service, one more opportunity for seekers to avail themselves of the prayers and sympathies of the friends of Jesus was given, and about fifty bowed at the penitent forms. In about one hour thirty-six were enabled to testify of the pardoning love of God, and others of the efficacy of Jesus' blood to cleanse from all sin. Allelulia! The Lord God reigneth. We have engaged to remain a few more days to hold services in the Wesleyan Chapel in the town of Enniskillen. We are having two services daily, as usual, and there are added daily to the Lord, such as shall be saved.

The Lord willing, we leave on the 20th for England, and on the 22d, to commence our work for Jesus in the large town of Louth.

I am praying and trusting for power to cast anchor daily, deeper within the vail. What a privilege to be permitted to do anything for him, who has done all for us. Often do I ask myself, "what has Jesus done for me?" "what

is he doing for me *now*, what can I do for him?"

It is difficult to tear ourselves from the friends here.

THE RESTING PLACE.

BY EFFIE JOHNSON.

Not where the gently murmuring streams
With music fill the Summer air,
Where bright birds sing and flowers bloom,
And all around is passing fair.
Not in the lordly palace home,
Where luxury and song unite
To lull the soul to quiet rest,
And put all sordid cares to flight.
There is a resting place so sweet
That cankering care, and toil and pain
May never invade that sure retreat,
Or cause the weary pilgrim pain.
'Tis found within the crowded mart,
In palace, and in hovel low,
In prisons, and in peaceful homes
Where'er the Holy One can go.
His love—Christ's love,—this is the balm
For wounded souls; this is the rest
For weary hearts. No power can harm
When in *his* loving presence blest.
And all may come, the sad and gay,
The rich and poor, the bond and free;
All who will own the Saviour, Lord,
To this *safe resting place* may flee.
Not for a day—not for a year,
Not for ten thousand years—for aye
This blessed resting place endures
When *earth* and *time* have passed away.

THE GREATEST THING.—After Dr. Beecher's mental faculties became clouded in his old age, a minister, to try his condition, said to him in the presence of several friends, "Dr. Beecher, you know a great deal; tell us what is the greatest of all things?" For an instant the cloud was rent, and the gleam of light shot forth in the reply, "It is not theology, it is not controversy, but it is to save souls;" and then the deep shadow came over him again.

WE are to expect our daily trials, as our "daily bread."

"THERE'S LIGHT BEYOND."

"When in Madeira," writes a traveler, "I set off one morning to reach the summit of a mountain to gaze upon the distant scene and enjoy the balmy air. I had a guide with me, and we had, with difficulty, ascended some two thousand feet, when a thick mist was seen descending upon us, quite obscuring the whole face of the heavens. I thought I had no hope left but at once to retrace our steps, or be lost; but as the cloud came nearer, and darkness overshadowed me, my guide ran on before me, penetrating the mist, and calling to me ever and anon, saying, 'Press on, master—press on—there's light beyond!' I did press on. In a few minutes the mist was passed, and I gazed upon a scene of transcendent beauty. All was bright and cloudless above, and beneath was the almost level mist, concealing the world below me, and glistening in the rays of the sun like a field of untrodden snow. There was nothing at that moment between me and the heavens."

O ye over whom the clouds are gathering, or who have sat beneath the shadow, be not dismayed if they rise before you. Press on—THERE IS LIGHT BEYOND.

DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

The Rev. Albert Barnes, in a deeply solemn discourse on death-bed repentance, preached lately, gave it as the result of forty years' observation in the pastoral office, that "he had not met with a single instance of sick-bed repentance which, upon the recovery of the individual, turned out to be genuine." That which satisfies us of the genuineness of the dying thief's repentance, he continued, "is not what he

said, but the testimony of One who could penetrate beneath the surface, and could know, what we never can, the reality of man's professions."

The Rev. H. W. Beecher, in a sermon on the words, "Behold I stand at the door and knock," says: "In my not short ministerial life, I recollect of but one man who, after making promises of fidelity in sickness, remembered to keep them after he got well. I went to see him, and he said, 'My sickness incapacitates me from talking to you; and something tells me that it would be dishonorable and cowardly to seek religion now, just at the end of my life—if I am to die; but I promise you that if I ever recover I mean to attend to the subject of religion.' And probably the first visit he made after his recovery was at my house and to me. He introduced the topic himself by saying, 'I have come to ask you how I may become a christian?' And he became a christian man, and I believe that he has led a consistent christian life from that hour to this. I do not recollect another case of this kind, though I recollect scores of cases of men who made promises in sickness, in afflictions, and broke them when they were released from trouble."

DAILY DUTIES.—My morning haunts are where they should be, at home, not sleeping, or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring; in Winter, often ere the sound of any bell awake men to labor or to devotion; in Summer, as oft with the bird that first rises, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till the attention be weary, or memory have its full freight; then with useful and generous labors preserving the body's health and hardiness, to render

lightsome, clear, and not lumpish obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion, and our country's liberty.

Milton.

SING SING CAMP MEETING.

All means of grace are effective, just in proportion as the heart is interested, and a meeting of this kind may be attended with little or no profit, if the determined aim is not kept up, *to do good, and get good.*

The preaching was good, but the labor in the tents brought forth results. We think holiness was a general theme of interest with the church—three tents were devoted to this doctrine, and the services commenced after each sermon usually, when with the greatest Scriptural simplicity the truth was presented, and urged upon those who were hungering and thirsting after righteousness. Many who had been obscure in their recent experience, were enlightened and comforted—those who did not understand the doctrine, saw its reasonableness and power, and ~~those~~ whose intense longings were for inward liberty were blest.

In these meetings the divine presence was powerfully manifest to teach, soften and subdue. There is a difference between resting in forms, and knowing the power. The sweet simplicity which pervaded all that was said, made them indeed hallowed places, and many from distant parts have taken with them saving remembrances of those sacred hours.

We have understood one hundred were converted, and we think nearly, or quite that number were sanctified. However severe the tests may be on grace received in these days of worship, we think the Great Head of the Church was present to bless.

M. A.